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WHOLE UNITED No. 101.

FOUR MONTHS IN EUROPE.

BY SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

That is a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return who travel out.
Courtesy.

No. XI.

But, when talent is united with unbounded assurance, and a high degree of human knowledge is misapplied to the most ungenerous purposes, as in the person of Gifford, reviews—unprofitable fabrications in their best modern estate—become the worst of plagues to which human nature is liable. A fool may propose questions which a philosopher could not answer. The lowest pettifogger may ridicule the choicest productions of gifted genius, and convert, by contemptible quibbling, the finest thoughts into fustian and nonsense. Maturin thought more in one hour than all his enemies did in a century; one minute of his life was worth an eternity of theirs. Lady Morgan possesses twice the genius of any Quarterly Reviewer that ever breathed. Reviews, in these days, are nothing in the world but fire-ships, sent out of the great fleet of literature, and indebted to the labours and thoughts—the wealth and invaluable stores of authors, for all their noise and disaster, as well as the smoky illuminations which they cause. From the midnight studies of poets and philosophers, they derive that learning which is so affectedly displayed; condemning the book that none may read it, they plunder all the diamonds contained in it, and scatter them among their own crude vagaries, to show how completely the author has failed to do what they, with far less opportunity, have so quickly achieved! Like jackals, they live on the spoils of the lion; like a lammer-geyer, they croak among the heights of literature, while they exist only on the destruction of geniuses.

Like the wood-devils in the Hartz mountains, they assassinate and despoil every traveller who comes in their way, and

* A flagrant instance of this conduct may be seen in the ruffian Gifford's review of Lady Morgan's Italy, as well as in the moral assassination of Keats and Shelly, and the actual murder of Mrs. Robinson.

then boast themselves the Lords of the territory. *Enfin*—there is nothing so mean, nothing so uncandid, that they will hesitate to perform. They will pray, like devotees, before the rich shrine which they are about to violate; they will sing, like angels, and act like harpies. There are no greater pests on earth than they, who preach righteousness and perpetrate villainy. But reviewers are privileged—they generally possess

“Just enough of learning to misquote.

As a rarity, however, they are sometimes liberal and just. Sometimes they will personate sirens, if perfectly sure that Scylla or Charybdis is not far off. Or, if any especial temporal advantage is to be derived from flattery, why, then they will roar so sweetly that Bottom would confess himself outdone, were that honest counterpart of the ass alive to hear them. Then the bullets of the brain fly harmlessly about; Ethiop words blacken no one; they fawn and crouch, like the spaniel, contented to obtain by fair means what they will obtain, at all events, by foul; for, if they cannot inveigle, they will bite. To be dreaded, they will look very fierce, and wear mustachios longer than their rent-roll of calumnies; to be loved, they will gesticulate and attitude the goodness of their nature, like a French perouquier or an Italian macaroni. To leave metaphor, I do verily believe that there is, generally, more honesty, more manhood, more real integrity of purpose among the condottieri of the Alps, or the guerillas of the Pyrenees, or the Arabs of the desert, than among nine-tenths of those reviewers who profess to labour for the public good, and to be oracular vehicles of universal belief.

The Quarterly Review, while it suffered under the conduct of Gifford, was a mere bundle of calumnies. All, who were not supremely devoted—utterly abandoned to high church and high tory principles, were accounted outlaws from society, and heretics doomed to perdition. There Dr. Southey lectured on royalty and loyalty, and eulogized the immaculate character of the English hierarchy with a zeal and a devotedness which could be equalled only

by his youthful ardour in the cause of liberty. There Sir Walter Scott praised all the kings and queens and bishops that ever existed, and came near making the world as much in love with such harpies as the reader of Quentin Durward is with Louis the Jealous. There Lord Eldon pronounced much such righteous judgments as he does in Westminster Hall; and there Gifford himself wrote as candidly on America, as he formerly did when commenting on the commentators of Massinger and Ben Jonson; which is just equal to saying that he consistently maintained the reputation of being the same bloody bulldog he had always been. But he left the arena at last, and Coleridge's nephew, a mild and excellent gentleman, was appointed to fill his place. Such a situation, however, could be occupied by no gentleman long. He who scorned the character of a base calumniator, and a servile tool of the court, could never be popular in the administration of literary judgment alone, where violent political predilections and single devotedness to the propagation of lies were expected. Rather, therefore, than sacrifice the dignity of his honour by succumbing to the knavery of his station, Mr. John Coleridge resigned all interest in the Quarterly; and, just before I left England, John Gibson Lockhart, who is a L. L. B. I believe, and a son-in-law of Sir Walter, was appointed syndic of the gladiatorial games. A rash tory, a violent high churchman, wholly doomed to court politics, and a man of some original talent, I doubt not, that, hereafter, the Quarterly will enjoy a distinguished character—for mendacity.

The Edinburgh Review is the moral, political, and literary antagonist of the Quarterly. If an author is praised in one, he is almost sure of damnation in the other; but I do not believe there is a particle of candour in either. The Quarterly killed poor Keats, the beautiful poet, the author of *Endymion*, the *Eve of St. John*, and other fine poems; and the Edinburgh exalted his name to the skies. The Quarterly praises Southey without mercy, and the Edinburgh lashes him quite as unmercifully. Dr. Lyall, the celebrated travel-

ler in Russia, an able writer, sent a challenge to John Murray, while I was in London, which John Murray sent to the editor, which the editor sent to the author of the offensive review, which the last put in his pocket, and forgot to answer; so that the doctor was fain to resort to other means to redeem his credit, namely, public prosecution; a species of revenge by which the Quarterly frequently suffers. Yet the Edinburgh praised Dr. Lyall as the very Coryphæus of travellers. Those two giants are continually boxing; there is scarcely a subject appertaining to humanity, on which they do not differ. But the Edinburgh, however severe sometimes, is seldom coarse; its articles are written with great ability, though often without much taste. Jeffrey seems too fond of paradox and disagreement with all nations and people; too proud of his own country's superiority, and too apt to despise the literature of Germany. His articles on the German authors reflect but little credit on his learning or his taste. In metaphysics and science, I think, there can be little doubt that the Edinburgh reviewers are superior to any of their brethren in the learned kingdom of Great Britain.

The Westminster Review agrees with neither of those just mentioned. Its politics are, what they cantingly call radical; that is, liberal and enlightened; its moral tone is pure; its literary judgments intolerably severe, like those of all new works, which are struggling into notice. All the world is bad enough in this respect; a scurrilous or obscene book is far more profitable to the publisher than a candid and moral one; but England excels in this kind. No new work can survive six months there, unless it indulges in the most poignant severity. I rather impute this motive for illiberality to the Westminster, because I do not think its editor would willingly misrepresent and abuse any man. Many of its articles are written with great ability; and its efforts in the cause of education should efface some stains from its character. Yet I may as well describe the mystery of reviewing—much the same in all enlightened countries—by an anecdote of a few words, as to dilate any further on the subject. I was conversing with Bowring, the editor, on a review which I was to write for the Westminster; he suggested education in America as an interesting subject, and I assented, observing, that as soon as I could find a book of sufficient merit and importance to review, I would write an article

for him. "Pshaw!" said he, smiling at my simplicity, "let the book alone; write the review to suit your own taste and judgment, compress as much information as possible into a short space; please yourself, and, I doubt not, you will please me; but as for the book, why, that is a thing of little importance. Let the review be good, we will tack a title to it, and despatch the book in a few words." So much for the conscience of a reviewer, thought I. A few such visions within the hallowed precincts of a quarterly editor's sanctum will deduct very much from an author's hope or fear of flattery or abuse from the directors and guardians of the public taste.

Of the various monthly works in London, Campbell's magazine is the most decent, prudent, liberal, and interesting. The editor's character is amiable; and no article is suffered to appear in that periodical which could wound the feelings of any upright and honourable man. Owing to the unintermitted exertions of the publisher, Colburn, it enjoys the advantage of reckoning many of the first writers in England among its contributors. Colburn hesitates at no price when he obtains an article from a fashionable author; he has frequently given ten guineas for two hundred lines of poetry. Consequently, as gold is all-powerful, even as it was in the days of Danaë, he collects contributions all over the kingdom, and, where he expends one pound, gains twenty by the mere magic of their names.

Among rival works, and even in the newspapers, it is fashionable to abuse Campbell's magazine, and call it the nucleus of cockneyism—the empress of cocknain; but such satirical remarks never injure a good book or a good man; they show merely the impotent ill nature of disappointed rivals. This magazine is deservedly popular for its information and general candour; indeed, in the latter respect, it is a happy exception to magazines in general. Campbell observed to me, that he was employed, as I found him, reading manuscripts and correcting proof-sheets for about three hundred and fifty days in the year.

The London Magazine, edited by a Mr. Southron, is chiefly remarkable for its flippancy and want of sound talent. Once in six months, perhaps, an original article of merit appears, and serves to redeem the tedium of its general inconsequence. But it is occupied, at all other periods, by a succession of amusing, but certainly very

chaffy contributions. The charge of cockneyism would obtain more rationally against this periodical than Campbell's magazine. The criticism it contains is of the lowest order; remarkable for nothing but presumption, without beginning, argument, or end; very much like Neal's account of his own life, which was published in one of the late numbers. This work abounds with insulting allusions to America; indeed, it sometimes contains remarks which go much farther than hinting. It is scarcely credible how far this obscure magazine presumes upon its strength. The first number I saw on my arrival contained a violent philippic against the North American; as if Southron could contend with Everett, Story, Sparks, and Webster! But in the midst of its rage, I was not sorry to perceive that an American, towards whom I entertain, otherwise, no disrespect, who despised (or affected to do so at least) the literature of his own country, and had the folly to assert that Percival was no poet—had been justly punished. Mr. E. C. Pinkney, of Baltimore, during a short conversation, observed to me that he did not write for any American works, but only sent a few articles, occasionally, to the *London Magazine*. There was somewhat of a boastful air in this remark, I thought at the time. When I arrived in London, almost the first magazine I took up was the London; and it contained a very unequivocal appeal from the judgment of the North American, in relation to Mr. Pinkney's poems, and a series of unflattering remarks upon his writings, which left but little doubt in my mind, that the editor was ignorant of the name of one of his transatlantic contributors at least. To speak for myself, I should rather decline the honour of contributing to the *London Magazine*, than suffer under such remarks as I there saw.

Of Blackwood's Magazine it is not necessary to speak particularly. Flippancy, severity, in the worst possible taste, seems to be its prominent characteristic. The editorial remarks, which ushered forth one of Neal's longest papers, display a degree of ignorance in relation to America, which was not to be expected in persons who profess so much general knowledge as the Blackwoods-men. It argued either excessive stupidity or blind injustice to assert that his papers contained a perfect account of the United States, when the view which they presented, was distorted and unnatural in the extreme. I shall never forgive

Blackwood the ungenerous and unjust ridicule which he threw upon Mr. Proctor, Barry Cornwall; one of the sweetest poets of the day. His abuse of Leigh Hunt is much more venial.

Generally, there is a swaggering and uncouth air—a self-complacent though ill-bred presence—an affectation of power which does not sit easy, about the Blackwoods-men, that offends as much by its effrontery as it disgusts by its folly. I was glad to find that scholars and gentlemen held it in little esteem; that its judgments are little revered; and that its columns are read only by a certain class, halfway between the peasantry and the gentry. Yet there are many clever articles in this periodical, and it is subject of deep regret that talent should be misapplied to such unworthy purposes as it too frequently is among the various literature of the most literary people in the world.

The *Old Monthly* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, are very ordinary works, far inferior, in point of interest or talent, to the literary periodicals of the United States. They deserve no further notice.

The *European* is now (if it exists) the most blackguard magazine in London. It deals in nothing but ridicule and abuse; nothing is admitted unless it be very *funny*, and calculated to excite a laugh; sometimes at the expense of the work itself. Its abuse of Mr. Pelby and Mr. Howard Payne, and, through them, of America, was so gross and revolting, that it must be a subject of wonder that Miller, the American bookseller, and professedly the friend of America, should consent to act as publisher of this ill-natured and contemptible work. Yet such he is, or lately was. But the true secret of its execrable ridicule of Mr. Pelby was, first, the very favourable reception of that excellent actor, and secondly, its own dying state. Every thing is querulous in agony. Its abuse of Mr. Payne was suggested simply by his popularity, and the starving condition of some Grub-street friend of the editor, who could not hope to manufacture a play with success, while Mr. P. kept possession of the stage. But the *European* has probably gone "to the tomb of all the Capulets" ere this; and peace to its dust!

I had like to have forgotten the *Monthly Review*; but it is not worth ten words.

The *Quarterly Metropolitan Magazine* and the *St. James's Royal Magazine*, two new works, which have not gone beyond their fourth numbers, possess a good deal

of merit, and appear likely to meet with success. Much talent and some honesty are united in their support, and no inconsiderable portion of wit enlivens their pages. Their greatest fault is a flippant, dashing style, which, unfortunately prevails too generally among the periodicals.

Popular Tales.

RILEY GRAVE-STONES.

A DERBYSHIRE STORY.

[Continued from p. 51.]

I love the jovial and enjoying dispositions of the good people of old England, who interpret every thing in favour of mirth and good fellowship:—the martyrdom of a saint—the commencement of war—coming crying into the world, or going cold out of it—the bridal or the burial—all are alike harbingers of joy, and come with healing on their wings—come to be embalmed in the smoke of the feast, and to reel amid the purple glories of the vintage. "Better come at the back of a burial than the beginning of a bridal," says the pithy proverb, which points out the times of good cheer—and I am far from being partial to self-mortification and penance. I love an event which throws the shadow of mirth and good living before it: a worship which casts down the venerable gods of the wine-press and the larder, is not for me—I am a lover of superstitious meats and drinks, and I care not who knows it. Now this happened to be the morning of a day memorable in the calendar of calamities—the period when the plague broke in among the good people of Eyam; but the lapse of time—the death of almost all who had survived it—the natural wish of man to be merry—and the agreeable sense in which a holyday is ever accepted by the multitude of the rich as well as the ragged—let loose, upon hill and vale, many of those buoyant and vagrant spirits who can pick an hour of pleasure out of any event.

The sound of their approach, which a little woody glen or dingle had partly subdued for a time, now increased more and more—a general hum, like the sound of bees swarming, first became audible—then laughter, faint at first, but swelling out, and augmenting more and more, succeeded—and finally a female squeal, uttered in the fulness of joy, told me that the plague of Eyam had provided enjoyments of many kinds, for the descendants of those it had spared, equal to any of the most gracious

saint of the calendar. I stood on a little knoll, to see from whom this merriment came. Along the side of the dell, where the green sward joined the moorland, stood many upright grave-stones—not in rank succeeding rank, like the memorials in a well-marshalled churchyard, but scattered about at random—marking out the places where the victims of the pest were buried. Here some of the youths and maidens of the district had assembled; and having first, as if in mockery of the old sorrowful rite, showered the graves with flowers and garlands, they began to chase each other with many a laugh, and shriek, and halloo among the tombs, till the dell and its rocks murmured with the din. Some of the more staid and sedate seated themselves on the grass along the brow of the dell, at a little distance from the graves—and their numbers were increased, first, by maidens who retired to breathe and bind up their disordered hair; and then by youths, who followed to seat themselves by their side, and have some private converse with them on the grass.

Some of the motives for this singular festivity I learned from the chance conversation of the peasants, who, collecting into several groups, spread cloths on the grass, and, heaping them high with breakfast dainties, began, with clasp knives and sharp teeth, to attack whole hills of bread and beef, and make them subside before them. "Come, lay about you, neighbour," said a rustic, making his own knife, as he spoke, go in rapid circles round the thigh bone of a sheep—while his left hand carried an incessant supply of bread and mutton to his mouth, in the manner of a man feeding a thrashing mill; "Come, neighbour Brummel, carve and cram's the word. The new enclosure act will make this the last holyday we shall ever hold among Riley grave-stones—the corn will be cheap when churchyards are tilled by act of parliament:" and he applied the bone to his mouth, and kept turning it with both hands, making a seam of sharp long teeth revolve round, and almost penetrate the solid bone. "I'll tell ye what, Emanuel," said Brummel, laying an empty ale-bottle aside, and removing a handful of foam from his lips; "I'll tell ye what—the churchyard worm is the fat worm—and the churchyard tree is the tall tree; and long and beautiful will the corn-swathe grow above the graves—and handsome will it look, and do more for man's body than a whole kingdom of grave-stones. It's a kind act of parliament

that redeems food from the deep and hungry grave. And, now I think on't, I will pave my barn-floor with these barren memorials, and lay the lettered side up, that my thrashers may have a lesson. I am well known as an encourager of learning in the parish:—and taking up another bottle, and laying himself back, he caused its contents to descend gently into his mouth—enjoying his favourite beverage drop by drop. “Wisely spoken, neighbour Emanuel,” said a third rustic—“though I’m not sure but I shall raise some small sort of claim myself to one or two of those dainty bits of hewn stone—my hall door and hearth are as likely to be listened to as your barn-floor, for my cousin of Gripeagain is one of the commissioners. What, man! shall nobody follow behind the parliamentary plough, and pick up paving-stones, but yourself?”—“Plague spot thee from the crown of the head to the buckle in thy shoe for a sordid knave, Job Giles,” said a peasant beside him, interrupting his speech by a long draught of ale:—“plague spot thee, say I; may I be doomed to dig deeper for bread than Eldenhole, and tickle the soles of the antipodes before I reach it, if ye don’t deserve to be turned into one of the links of our bucket chain, and go up and down the bowels of the earth now and for evermore, amen.—What! would ye cast down Riley grave-stones, and pass the plough over your mother’s breast-bone; and reap the corn, and eat of the bread that was nourished out of her dust? May the plough that disturbs these graves plough up the sleeping plague too: it will be busy on earth when I am deep below. The plague will be a plague of small taste that pursues a poor miner three hundred fathom down, while there are so many corpulent gentlemen in the county.”

A young woman sat apart, with a little boy on her knee, looking at the grave-stones. “And are the stones to be broken, and the field of death to be ploughed?” she said: “I have heard my mother say that the priest of Eyam, when he laid the last victim of the pest in the grave, exclaimed, ‘Behold the last whom the Lord will claim, and in his grave I bury the plague for a season: but whoso disturbs death’s charnel-house—whoso goes down into the dwelling of dust—assuredly he shall be stricken through as with a sword, and the pest shall be loosed again on Eyam, and all her sons and daughters shall be devoured.’” “It is all truth ye speak,

Alice,” said one of her female companions; “for often have I heard my father repeat Mompessan’s warning. He heard it uttered himself when there were scarcely enow of the living to bury the dead. And in token of its truth, two of Giles Gurton’s horses—one of them a gallant gray that bore his eldest daughter Bell when she was married—and a sorrowful marriage she made of it—the horses as I tell ye, broke loose on a time, and ate the long grass off these graves, and they went mad, that’s certain—and came home foaming, and sweating sweat of blood, and tore one another, and died. It’s true, I tell ye—and I would not be the man who ploughs up Riley graves for the lordship of Chatsworth—and that’s a word.” “Troth, and it’s all too true,” said another of the village dames; “I’ll warrant ye have all heard of Glype Glanvil, the pedler—a good packman and a keen one. He would not sleep in the public house, for that would cost him money; he would not lie at the farmer’s hearth, lest he should have to give ribbons to the lasses: but he would lie beneath the bonnie moon on a fine summer night—and he laid his head on one of the Riley graves, and asleep fell he. But he had a doleful wakening, and ran wild into Eyam in the mid hour of night—I think I hear his yells yet, and see the delirious man—for the plague had sprung out of the grave—and I doubt not, for scripture says ‘trouble springs’—I forget what scripture says—but that neither mars nor makes my story. He was spotted like a leopard, and he died of the pest: and that’s as true as malt makes ale, and lips like it.” An ancient dame, with a staff in her hand, had tottered out after her friends, and for no sedater purpose than to partake, as far as the infirmities of seventy-seven years would permit, of the holyday pastime. “Ah!” she said, striking her staff into the ground before her, as she sat down, “here sits one who can vow to and avouch every word ye have uttered, and many more. Have ye never heard how in the year of grace ninety-and-eight—many, many years after the calamity came upon us—that one who feared not God—a man who lived by the strong and the cunning hand, came and dug into one of the graves at dark midnight, for the love of lucre? What sought he, think ye, but the gold ring from the finger of the fair Prudence Rolfe—and what think ye he saw there when he bared the earth away? A lady laid out her in bridal weeds—in her da-

masked silks and satins. The foul worms of the earth had touched her not, the undying spirit of the strong pest had preserved her strangely. He touched her finger, and the plague touched him; and his body soon helped to fill the hole his avarice had dug; so let men take warning: the corn blade which springs from these graves will pierce ye as with a poisoned sword; and each corn-pipe will be a passage by which the plague will ascend from the grave into the world.”

Poetry.

For the Literary Gazette and Athenæum.

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

Oh, could'st thou feel as I have felt,
Or weep alone as I have wept,
Or kneel where I have often knelt,
Thou would'st not scorn the love I've kept.

Couldst thou but see my alter'd brow
And tearful eye, when all alone
My heart bleeds o'er thy broken vow.
Thou wouldst not do as thou hast done.

Fare are the lips thou lov'd'st to kiss,
The eyes are dim that once were bright;
And sorrow takes the place of bliss—
Oh, can this give thy heart delight?

The long lone night I watch and weep,
When dreams of joy are thine to prove;
And pray for thee when others sleep—
Where couldst thou find more faithful love?

To sigh o'er hopes for ever gone,
And feel my sighings worse than rain.
To love, unlov'd, a faithless one,
Who taught me bliss to make it pain.

To think past hours of rapture o'er,
And turn to hours of recent woe—
This is the fate thou wrought'st—and more
How couldst thou wring my bosom so?

I thought that love, like heaven, was kind,
And soft and sweet as spring's first flowers,
And that the ties which young hearts bind,
Were bright hopes born of holy hours.

I thought that thou—'tis over now—
I may not think of what I thought.
My blighted love—thy broken vow
A fearful work in me hath wrought.

But fare thee well—the world is wide—
The paths of pleasure spread before thee—
The charm of power—the spell of pride,
If not the smile of heaven, is o'er thee.

Go, woo and wed some happier maid,
And I will weep and pray the while,
That she may not in sorrow fade,
But kindle virtue by her smile.

Yet couldst thou feel as I have felt,
And love as I have lov'd, but one;
Thy soul would bow, thy heart would melt—
Thou wouldst not do as thou hast done.
CORA.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

REQUIESCE.

It is the solemn dead of night, and not a sound of earth
Salutes the calm and dreamy heaven, o'er all our woes outspread;
And, while the still and holy hour to heavenly thoughts gives birth,
My swelling heart shall breath its sighs and sorrows o'er the dead.

Up to the blue and star-light sky I lift my weary soul,
And heaven seems bending, with a smile, to hear my fond complaint;
And angel breathings, eloquent, along the concave roll—
The self same sounds we often hear—so lonely and so faint.

It is a fearful thing to feel the turnings of our love
Rent, broken, torn from every scene of human pleasure here,
It is an awful thing to launch upon the worlds above,
Guided by doubt, beset with wo, and followed by dark fear.

The vale of death! the desolate, the unaccompanied way,
That all have trod, and all must tread, in darkness and alone!
Where none can weep, on bosoms dear, their sorrows all away,
Nor smile in hope of joys to come, nor think of pleasures flown!

Between two dread divinities it is a narrow road,
That thro' a land of shadows, leads unto a world unknown;
And not a track to point the way where all earth's sons have trod,
Guides the dark wand'rer of the tomb to heaven's eternal throne.

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Rest on thy cold undreaming bed, thou dear beloved one!  
Yet not unconscious of the love that thou hast left behind;  
I would not that the tears I shed should more to thee be known,  
But that thy heart should blend with mine, like odours with the mind.

I think not of thee as thou sleepest in darkness and in dust,  
But as thou wert in other years, my lovely chosen bride,  
And as thou art, in airy realms, among the blessed just,  
Far, far beyond earth's many woes, its passions and its pride.

Oh! when I saw thee pale and cold and breathless in thy shroud,  
Thine eyes for ever closed—thy heart without one throb for me,  
I could not weep, I could not wail my utter wo aloud,  
But stood and gaz'd upon thee there in awful agony.

I saw thee coffin'd, darken'd, (ah! but all was dark before!)  
Borne from thy home, my heart, and laid beneath the mould'ring clay.  
These gentle hands did guide me thence—I thought and felt no more  
For many a long and lingering night, and many a sunless day.

My voice was like the desert wind, that, through a ruin'd tomb,  
In hollow gusts, sighs mournfully above the moulder'd dead;  
My heart lay silent in despair—a world of waving gloom.  
And sun and stars, and life and love, all from my mem'ry fled.

But, one by one, the images of other days returned;  
I saw thee by my side again in all thy beauty's bloom;  
I saw thee fading, dying, dead: I felt how I had mourn'd.  
Then I went forth to weep and pray beside thine early tomb.

But ever thou hast been with me through every change in life,  
In my heart's depth thy image dwells, and never can it fade;  
Like many a fine and precious thing with perfect beauty ripe,  
That blossoms for a time and then within an hour decay'd.

Ye far, bright stars! the poetry of the autumnal heaven,  
That breathes mysterious influence o'er the soaring mind.  
Ye oracles of destinies! in mercy to us given,  
To lead us to the glorious skies when earth is left behind.

I oft have watch'd your courses through the beautiful expanse,  
And joy in grief hath come to me in still and lonely hours,  
For seraph spirits seem'd to meet my every open glance,  
And oft my heart hath heard their songs amid these holy bow'rs.

When heaven thus meets me, all around and all I love is thee,  
I will not murmur nor repine that I in dust am here;  
But thou, lov'd one! shall sooth the wo that fain would be despair;  
Didst thou not blot my frailties, love, with thy forgiving tear.

L. F.

#### THE MARINER'S SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the snoring breeze,  
And white waves heaving high;  
And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
The good ship tight and free—  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud;  
And hark! the music, mariners,  
The wind is piping loud;  
The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free—  
While the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

#### Literary.

##### THE MOTHER.

The equality of the sexes is a question that has been long agitated but never settled. There have been so many examples of intellect in women equalling any displayed by man, that it is not wonderful that they should claim the same rights and privileges, or complain of injustice when those claims are denied. These complaints, however, and the causes by which they were excited, are every day decreasing, for every day is woman arising in the scale of being, and by the development of virtue and talent will eventually settle the disputed point, and prove that, tho' nature has made differences, it has made no inequality between the sexes.

In no part of the social system is the progress and improvement of society more striking than in the education and condition of the female sex. The time is past when beauty excited exclusive admiration, and conferred the most distinction; yes, the supremacy of Beauty has given place to that of Talent, and in our eye we see more homage paid to intellectual than to personal charms. [The beautiful and graceful Madame Reeamier shrunk into comparative insignificance by the side of her homely, but enlightened friend Madame de Stael, and while the name of the first was scarcely known out of Paris, and is now

forgotten, that of the former is known through the civilized world, and will live as long as the language of her country lives.

The education of women is no longer confined to household duties, or showy accomplishments, but is extended to a knowledge of science, literature and the arts, in each of which they offer examples of excellence rivalling any afforded by the other sex. This excellence we are disposed to allow and to encourage, so long as it is confined to objects, neither incompatible with the delicacy or the duties, which nature as well as society has imposed on the sex.

But *ambition*, in the common acceptation of the term, is a passion which always will prove as adverse to their happiness, as to their delicacy and duty. *Ambition*, though called the passion of noble minds, leads to hypocrisy, servility, meanness, falsehood, and every other vice which degrades humanity. A female *intrigante* or politician, (a sight too common in Europe,) is as offensive to good taste, as to good morals; and is scarcely less revolting to our feelings than a female warrior; since the base and conflicting passions of political life, are as much at variance with the candour and purity of the sex, as scenes of blood and carnage are with its sensibility and tenderness.

The love of distinction, the desire of praise, is an innate sentiment of the human breast, and has been implanted in our nature by the author of our being, for the best and wisest purposes. It is the secret and elastic spring which puts in motion the talents and virtues of mankind. We would not check, we would only direct its operation; let it then be indulged while it stimulates the mind to the attainment of excellence and the performance of duty.

While we would imperiously close the career of political or military ambition against the aspirants of the other sex, we would open to them that of science, literature, the fine arts; that of domestic duty and social benevolence. In these pursuits they will have an opportunity to display an equality of mind and a superiority of virtue. Here while we leave them as women, we shall emulate them as rivals, and while indulging our admiration, shall not lose our respect.

We would do more,—we would fain stimulate and encourage women to the attainment of intellectual and moral excel-

lence, by every consideration which the praise of man, or the approbation of God, affords, and for this purpose would point out to them those pursuits in which they can acquire influence in the affairs, and distinction in the ranks of society, without compromising the duties of nature, or the delicacies of sex.

In the division of social duties, there are two, for which they are peculiarly fitted both by the inclinations of nature and the habits of society; I mean education, and charity.

For an enlarged or correct performance of either of these important duties, cultivation of mind, purity of morals, and economy of time, are equally necessary, and will therefore afford a scope for the exercise of the strongest mind, most brilliant genius and ardent enthusiasm; thus conferring beauty and dignity, on objects of practical utility.

Whatever are the advantages of public schools, there are deficiencies which can never be supplied but by paternal care. A domestic education, conducted by an enlightened father, would perhaps be the best a child could receive; but as the avocations and even the dispositions of men, seldom if ever allow of their devoting their time to this important task if it was devolved on a well-instructed mother, the advantage would be equal.

In many respects superior, for as Hayley in his life of Cowper justly observes, "Woman has, in general, much stronger propensity than man, to the perfect discharge of parental duties, and seems as if designed by nature, not only to nurse and sustain his infancy, but to train and cultivate his mind, teaching the young idea how to shoot, and to regulate his affections and form his temper."

The nature of man is threefold, animal, moral and intellectual, and the perfection of that nature depends on the culture and improvement of all these different parts.

The first that is developed, is the animal or the corporeal part, which the laws of nature and society, equally devolve on woman: then follows the expansion of the temper, affections, and passions, which constitute the moral portion of his nature, and in proportion as this is submitted to the government of judicious mothers, is the purity and excellence of this part of our being.

The mind too, begins at a very early age to develop its powers. Its capacity for the reception of ideas, can be distinctly

known only to the mother who has watched its growth. She only can tell, the kind and the quantity of knowledge it is fitted to receive, and therefore she only can adopt and proportion instruction to its natural powers.

A teacher, ignorant on this point, might by giving too little, stint and starve the infant mind; or by giving too much, might distort and enervate its faculties.

Besides, a father, however affectionate and intelligent, cannot be as well acquainted with a child's dispositions and abilities, as the mother, who has watched the development of its affections and the expansion of its intellect; therefore cannot apply rewards and punishments, stimulants and restraints as judiciously. By him, timidity may often be mistaken for sullenness, slowness of apprehension for obstinacy, and the tears of sensibility, for those of peevishness, and thus may punish where he should reward, and reprove where he should encourage.

Altho' to make a good instructress, the mother should be herself well instructed, is correct, as a general rule; yet there are exceptions to this as well as every other rule, and an instance I have lately met with, has convinced me that attention and affection, with a good natural understanding, is sufficient for the performance of this important task. As many a fond mother may be deterred from undertaking this sacred and endearing duty by a diffidence of her qualifications, I will relate the instance to which I have alluded.

I lately paid a visit of some weeks, to a friend of mine, who lives on an estate remote from any city or large town. He had an only son, to me one of the most interesting youths I have ever met with, though probably he would not be so to most persons.

He was tall beyond what is usually called tall, at his age; very slender and very pale. His manners were so shy and reserved for some days, that I thought him dull and stupid, and was induced to think he did not converse, because he had nothing to say: but the eager and intelligent countenance with which he listened to the conversation of others soon changed this supposition, and made me believe his silence proceeded from timidity. I therefore by gentle and insinuating attentions endeavoured to gain his confidence and conquer his reserve. In this I soon succeeded, for beneath a cold exterior, and bashful and reserved manners, he had a



warm heart and an ingenuous disposition.

We are all physiognomists by nature, and tho' the principles of this science may not be understood, its sensations will always enable us to read in the countenance of another what is passing in the mind, and where kindness and sympathy are discovered, kindness and sympathy will be excited. Thus at least it was, with my young friend and myself, and without the aid of many words we formed an acquaintance with each other, which soon ripened into confidence and intimacy.

He undertook to be the guide and companion of my rambles, and while he led me into the deepest recesses of the forest, explored the caverns, or climbed the sides of the mountain, in search of their natural productions—or walked with me through the garden, over the grain fields, or by the banks of the river, he displayed an extent and variety of knowledge which I have seldom met with in any, and never before, in so young a man.

He had the most minute, as well as extensive information on subjects of natural history. Not a tree, not a plant, not a bird or insect that we met with, but he could give me a history of. With the mineral, he seemed as well acquainted as with the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and to this practical and useful knowledge, he added not only an acquaintance with, but an enthusiastic love for, the poets, both ancient and modern. The apt and frequent quotations which burst from him, were occasioned by some analogy between the verse and the objects and the scenes around; they had no tincture of pedantry, but seemed the overflowings of an abundantly stored mind.

Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, Lucan, with all the other Greek and Latin poets, seemed even more familiar to him than any of the modern, except the English. With Horace in particular he seemed so familiar, that one would have supposed that instead of an ancient author, he had been his every day companion and friend; and whether we eat or drank, walked abroad or staid at home—expatiated on the charms of the country and solitude, or the pleasures of the city, and society, on the virtues of poverty, or the vices of the rich, of poets and of statesmen, for every scene and every subject he had some apposite verse from his favourite Horace to illustrate and enforce his observation, and this with such perfect

simplicity and such an ardent enthusiasm, that it was evident that he did so to display the beauties of the poet and not his own learning.

I used to love to draw him out, and tho' I thought myself a pretty good scholar, I often learned information from him, which I had not derived from books, and was astonished at his accurate and correct knowledge of the history, customs and manners of the ancients.

As he was an only son, and of course would inherit the large and valuable plantation of his father, he was not destined for any profession; having much leisure, without any inclination for society, his whole time was devoted to books, rural occupations and amusements. No wonder then that his mind was so richly stored.

One day we were comparing our own times with their manners and vices, with those of former ages, and to prove one was as obnoxious to satire as the other, I repeated some lines from an English poet, and then some of Juvenal's in the original. He stopped me, telling me he did not understand Latin. I was astonished, and could scarcely believe him, and inquired how then it was possible for him to be so well acquainted with the Latin authors.

"Solely through the medium of translation," he replied.

"Yet," continued I, "it seems strange that you should not have acquired the language when you are so completely imbued with the spirit of these authors, and have so accurate and extensive a knowledge of the history, manners and writings of the Greeks and Romans, all of which indicate a degree of study and research which is seldom met with, how comes it then you have not made yourself a master of these works in the original?"

"Simply," he answered, "because my mother was unacquainted with those languages, and I have never had any other instructor than my mother."

"Is this possible?" I exclaimed, "why few, very few of our young men who have been educated in our colleges are as well versed in classic literature."

"The reason is obvious," said he, "the very deficiency from which I suffered, viz. the want of a more learned preceptor, made me a more diligent and laborious student. In order to supply this deficiency I applied myself with indefatigable perseverance to a study of critics and commentators, whose copious notes and illustrations awakened a degree of curiosity,

and excited a closeness of attention I should not otherwise have felt, and induced me to study the natural and civil history of the country in which these poets lived, and of the people whose manners they described.

"Had I read these authors in the original, and under the direction of a learned professor, I should have rested satisfied with the usual routine of instruction and a progress equal to that of my fellow-students. But having no teacher on whose judgment I could rely, and being unacquainted with the originals, the only way in which I could judge of the translations I read, was by comparing one translation with another, analyzing their different beauties; referring to commentators, and again testing these by the historians and prose writers of the age or country in which they wrote. Such a course of study, naturally filled my mind with more ideas, than a study of the languages could have done; but tho' it may have enlarged, I will not pretend to say it strengthened my intellectual faculties more than the acquisition of these dead languages would have done. This is a disputed point, and many learned men maintain that no other kind of knowledge is so useful in strengthening and disciplining the mind. Be this as it may, one result has been, to make me more intimately acquainted with these illustrious authors, and to have fixed not only their sentiments, but the figures and descriptions by which those sentiments were illustrated indelibly in my memory, and initiated me more perfectly into their beauties than could probably have been done by the common course of Collegiate studies. Since all those wearisome days, months, and years which are there bestowed on the acquisition of the languages, I have most delightfully employed in acquiring the knowledge of what these languages contain."

"You almost confirm me in an opinion I have sometimes indulged," answered I, "that the years employed by boys in the study of Greek and Latin is so much time thrown away, which while it loads the memory with words, leaves the mind destitute of ideas; such at least is too often the case."

"Not exactly so," answered my young friend, "words must convey ideas; but one effect I have myself often witnessed, which is, that the study of these languages is so laborious and irksome, that it too often gives the young students a disgust to the works which they are obliged to study, in

order to acquire the language, a disgust, which prevents them afterwards reading them; and this I believe is the true reason why so many young men, after leaving College, never look into a classic author."

But, continued I, "in all the other branches of knowledge, I perceive you have likewise made a greater proficiency than most young men of your own age."

"If this is the case," said he modestly, "it must arise from the same causes; first, that the years devoted to learning the languages, I devoted to other studies, but still more to my mother's care, and influence over my mind. My constitution even from my infancy has been so frail, and so liable to disease that she would never suffer me to be sent from home. She was the play-fellow of my childhood,—the friend and companion of my youth. In fact she has been all, and every thing to me."

"Every one prognosticated that I should be a spoiled child, meaning an ignorant and vicious one. Often was she urged to send me to school, and asked of what value life and health would be, if she left me destitute of education. It was in vain she assured her friends that I should be neither ignorant nor vicious, and that she would educate me herself. Her friends smiled, and seemed to think such education as a woman could give, would be little better than none at all.

Such opinion rather piqued my mother, and stimulated her to persevere in a scheme suggested by her affection. As I have said, she has been my sole companion. In early childhood, it was through the medium of conversation that she conveyed her instruction.

I learned reading, writing, and arithmetic by way of amusement and occupation. Above all, she cultivated my faculties as they successively developed themselves. First, perception—by her undivided and sedulous attention, she gave an accuracy to my faculty of perception, which proved one of the best foundations of future knowledge. For instance, as soon as I could speak, if I were playing with a flower she would ask me how many petals it had, what was the colour—the form, how many leaves, the length of the stalk, &c. and then make me compare it accurately with others. It was thus with every object I touched, every thing which engaged my attention, all of which she subjected to the same minute and scrupulous examination. This habit gave a truth and distinctness to

my perceptions, that I have found of the greatest use when applied to scientific pursuits. My judgment, my memory, even my imagination were improved and exercised by equally simple methods. It would be an endless task to enumerate the means she employed to strengthen, to enlarge, and ornament my mind. Such as it is, it is all her work, a work to which she has devoted her whole time and attention. Every walk, was for me, not only a lesson in natural history, but one in morals, religion and taste. It was from the works of God, oftener than from the works of man, that she drew her instructions;—Nature, the ever open volume in which we studied, where we find the finest examples of sublimity, beauty, and utility.

She made me remark the wonderful adaptation of every thing for the purpose for which it was designed, equally displayed in the revolutions of the planets and the organization of the meanest insect, or smallest flower.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

*Internal Improvements.*—Since the publication of our communications in the Saturday's New-York Literary Gazette, on the interesting subject of embanking the Newark meadows, and rendering that large body of alluvial deposit instrumental for the uses and purposes of man, we have turned our attention to a few material facts in relation to them. And particularly to the practicability of reclaiming them from their waste and worse than useless condition, which facts, we trust, will serve to throw some additional light on the projected enterprise.

If it were a fact, as is most generally thought, that this body of marsh in its natural position lies nearly level with the sea at low water, it is obvious in that case, that the circumstance of discharging or getting rid of the superfluous water which might rest on its surface, would be a consideration of no small importance, and the inquirer would be naturally led to the contemplation of those difficult and various operations by artificial means, which in any point of view, in relation to a just estimate of expense, must be acknowledged would have a tendency to veil the project with discouragement, and in the minds of not a few, with despair of ultimate success.

But fortunately for that class of intelligent people who believe in the certainty of defending these lands from the influx of the sea, and preparing them for multifarious and valuable culture, it is a fact, thoroughly and convincingly ascertained, that their general level varies not far from six feet above the ordinary low water mark; from which circumstance it follows the descent will supersede the necessity of resorting to expensive and laborious methods by artificial contrivances to discharge the waters, and warrants a conclusion, that when once effectually defended from the encroachments of the sea by adequate and solid embankments, and at the same time skilfully ditched, with the aid of the solar rays, and the consequent evaporation produced by their influence will speedily render them fit for any culture whatever.

It is reasonable to suppose that these lands may sometimes be overflowed by the freshets in the Hackensack and Passaic rivers, but these periodical inundations, when the embankments have secured them against the salt water, will be salutary and not detrimental, the annual deposit of fertilizing decomposed matter from the higher grounds through which they pass mixing with the reclaimed soil by frequent ploughing and harrowing, will have a tendency to sweeten the mass, and render the vegetative faculties more and more vigorous.

In all enterprises of private emolument blended with public utility, there will be found numerous objectors to any scheme or plan whatever, and if they fail to assail the project in one way, another is at hand. There are some who have an idea that this land, exposed as it has been to the action of the sea for ages, has so imbibed the salt water anti-vegetating principle, that even if arrested from the overflowing of the ocean, can be made of no earthly use. There might be some plausibility in this objection if the experiment had never been tried, and this were the first essay; but so many instances of lands being reclaimed from the influx of the sea, and becoming fine firm vegetative soils, exist throughout the world, that we are really at a loss to conjecture the motive of these objectors, whether they proceed from ignorance or a love of opposition, in either case, in relation to a simple fact of this nature, they will be unable to boast of many followers, so long as men entertain a decent regard for themselves.

Z.



*Greek Apothegms.*—We have heretofore translated from the apothegms of the Greeks, and again we are tempted to draw a few drops from the fountain of ancient wisdom.

He who washes a bloody nose is a wise man.

Your hook must be *bent* before you can catch fish.

The days which thou hast seen are the wisest witnesses.

To the fortunate man every country is a home.

You may easily tie an ass with a slender cord.

It is the ass only that *brays*.—When one dog barks, all other curs follow his example. [We see this, every day, in this good world of ours.]

When a tree is blown down, some one or other will gather sticks.

That which doth not burn is not fire.

The sword wounds the body—the tongue pierces the mind.

Sorrow is the only road which leads to pity.

The fool dances without hearing a fiddle.

The wild boar is a poor cultivator of the vine.

*Doubt is the enemy of faith.*

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

#### SOLITARY HOURS, No. I.

The reciprocal influence which exists  
Between men of genius and their age.

The world has known but few great men. Its generations have lived, and passed away from the place of the profane and the holy, while record of their obsequies had mouldered beneath the oblivious darkness of other ages. Nearly in proportion to the number of eminently great men, have been the strongly marked eras of this world's history. To these luminous eras, the eye of philosophy looks as a beacon-light amidst the ocean of the past. They occur in the earliest, as well as the later periods of social and political combinations, exhibiting no less manifestly the powerful efficiency of moral, than of physical causes. Hence genius, that wonderful and mysterious endowment of nature, claims even among the barbarous and the savage a kind of divine prerogative. The bard who pours his soul into the war, or the death-song, the prophet and the orator, who influence to deeds of martial daring at the council-fire, the warrior, who leads fearlessly on to victory,

or death, are the chief, and the noble, and the bold of their age, the "viri sancti" who live in long and cherished remembrance.

Thus while we plough among the bones of the mighty ones who persuaded in the language of nature's eloquence, and fought with the heroism of nature's inspiration, the voice of Philip, and Logan, and Malanthe, tells in the spirit-stirring echoes of departed glory upon the hearts of the feeble and scattered remnants of their once noble race. It is such men as these, who under circumstances more favourable to the development and exertion of their powers, have commanded the world's homage and admiration. Some of them had indeed been thrown upon ages of intellectual darkness; but like the sun breaking from the clouds in his strength, and careering through the heavens to animate and to bless, they have gone forth in their generation, casting off the sackcloth of mind, and arranging it in the majesty and beauty of its appropriate attributes. Such, in a word have been the triumphs of genius.—Hence the more refined ethical systems of antiquity, as well as the *sacred word* of the eastern nations, recognize mind as an emanation from the spiritual fountain of light, and those few of its extraordinary displays, whose illuminations still play around the mouldering battlements of the cities and empires that *were*—but are not—as the incarnations of Deity. They have features of the godlike, that awe us into reverence. A purer than the atmosphere of this world's contaminations seems to breathe upon them—a holier than the laurel of this world's glory, to encircle and adorn them.

It is the part of rational philosophy to correct this extravagant estimate of genius—to contemplate it in its true attitude and relations—magnificent indeed, and spiritual and heaven-born—yet as modified and developed by circumstances, and occasion.

In the most powerful minds there are latent energies, which only *great occasions* can elicit. The lightning may sleep long in the bosom of the tempest, just mantling at intervals the skirts of the storm-cloud; but it is only upon the *concussion* of the elements that it breaks forth from the hiding place of its power, to purify, while it astonishes and confounds. No doubt many a genius of the first order, denied by nature a congenial sphere of operation, has taken his solitary way to the sepulchre unheeded—unremembered.

It is a fact too, which looks proudly, yet pitifully from the intellectual history of man, that the most exalted minds, while the circumstances of their age excite their creative power, are often known but in succeeding times, when their coinage can be recognized, and their eternal chaplet woven by kindred natures. The slumbering energies of the highly gifted, may be waked but slowly, or they may be put forth in circumstances too obscure, or their results may be too profound, or abstruse, or imposing for the intelligence of the age. A Homer may moisten with his tears the choicest flowers of Helicon, or sit weeping for neglect upon the banks of his beloved Hippocrene, or like the divine Darite, solace the bitter hours of exile and confinement, by the brilliant visions of prophetic fancy, or die in solitude upon the rocky Chios—and the majestic stream of his song flow on to bless the genius of other ages and other nations.

The curses of ingratitude, and neglect have blighted some of the fairest germs of genius.

"The one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy" that might have echoed the spirit of its age, that might have embodied the literature of earlier times, or unfolded the auspices of future, is easily broken. A single untoward event may chill the "vivida vis anisni," that might have reached the highest heaven of poetry.

Personal calamities arising from the intolerance of the age, have on the other hand, sometimes called forth the most splendid creations of intellect. Witness the Jerusalem of Passo, the fervid pages of the persecuted Florentine bard, the sublime achievements of Galileo, who though cursed as "heretical in faith, and false in philosophy," was cheered amidst the gloom of his dungeon walls, by the suns of other worlds.

Events of a political nature have also contributed to furnish, and introduce to their appropriate sphere, the most illustrious of the great. This remark is abundantly verified by that luminous portion of history, which embraces the period of the Jewish theocracy, and the subsequent reigns of the monarchs of Israel, even till their holy city, "the perfection of beauty" was cast down from Heaven—in that mysterious train of events which conducted David from the care of his few sheep in the wilderness to the royal throne, and during forty years of victory, poured at his feet

the treasures of Sophene and Damascus, and rendered the Syrian Hadad, with the choicest parts of the eastern world, tributary to his power. We trace the same tendency of events of a political nature, in those apparently trifling occurrences which, in their results, have immortalized the memory of the Median and Persian dynasties. The same too, during the *heroic age* of Greece, when her rising prowess was challenged in the gardens of the Hesperides amidst the wonders of Sicily, and the docks of the mighty Geryon, and crowned at length with victory amidst the flames of Troy; the same in those *great names*, which tell the glory of Hellas, and Macedonia, and Rome, in the chivalrous era of the Omniades; the age of the 2d Julius, the 10th Leo, the 14th Louis of the old, and the one Washington of the new world. The influence of the last, the age of Washington, upon the genius, upon the free-born soul of man, will be studied as affording the richest lessons of human history, when we shall have done chanting our raptures over the mystic characters of classic lore. And will the American scholar suffer the honours of that age, legitimately the *Age of Washington*, to be given to another? No. The angel voice of Freedom hath whispered it in every land—"The age of the American Revolution is the age of Washington." Let it be borne on, then, by every breeze. Let it rise, in undying echoes, from the banks of the Tigris and the Arno, from the waves of the Caspian and the Baltic, from the cloud-enveloped summits of the Himmaleh and the Ural; and if, by God's blessing, the struggling spirit of Greece shall triumph, let it be written, with their "Liberty or Death," upon the banners that wave over the vales of the Morea, and the classic groves of Athens. C.

*Theatrical.*—Mr. Macready.—We have delayed an expression of our opinion respecting Mr. Macready, until this time, with a view of seeing him in different characters ere we gave a decision. We have seen him each night of his appearance, and with repeated and increased gratification each time. His personation of Macbeth is decidedly the best which we have ever seen, and we must enter our dissent to the opinion of some of our brother editors that his Virginus and Damon are inferior to Cooper's. Physically Cooper is the superior—his form is graceful and

noble, and his conception and execution of his characters are undoubtedly excellent; but Macready is a man of higher and more refined intellectual power.

We do not think that Mr. Macready possesses as much genius as Mr. Kean; he has not the appalling strength and tremendous passion which Kean displays in particular scenes; but he has more matured judgment, and never follows his great competitor beyond the bounds of nature. He is chaste and natural, from first to last, and wherever power is to be exhibited he puts forth enough and no more. We consider the pathetic to be his *forte*, and in this we know not his superior.

#### A Thing of Shreds.

M. Blanqui, a French author, translates "plum-pudding" into French as follows, *pudding-de-plomb*.

The Baron de Stael, (son of Madame de Stael) speaking of the difference between the French and English, says, "that which is a *theorem* with us, (the French) is an *axiom* with them: the English employ in *action* the same we employ in *demonstration*."

Dr. Bostwick, one of the anti-catholic writers of the 16th century, was sentenced at the instigation of archbishop Laud, to imprisonment, till he should recant his errors. The stout old Presbyterian marched into his prison, observing, that if the "archbishop waited for his recantation, he should wait till doomsday in the afternoon." It could not, very conveniently, be put off to a later period.

An eminent French performer was interrupted in the midst of a pathetic scene by the cries of the pit to speak louder. He was indignant, and replied, "*Et vous, Messieurs, plus bas.*" The audience demanded an apology; he refused; was sent to prison, and liberated only on condition of begging pardon. He began—"Gentlemen, I have never before felt my situation to be one of such deep humiliation, as in preparing to apologize." With their characteristic inconstancy, the audience atoned to the man of genius by peals of applause.

Martin Luther was not particularly fond of the logic of Aristotle. "Did I not know," said he, "that Aristotle was a man, I should certainly have imagined that he was the devil."

*Spectacles.*—Dr. Kitchiner says, that spectacles are an inconvenient manner of advertising the age upon the nose!

*New-York Theatre.*—The Committee for deciding on the opening address for this establishment have awarded the prize to Grenville Mellen, Esq. of Maine. They have also awarded an additional premium of one hundred dollars to Doctor Farmer, of South Carolina. The candidates were numerous.

#### Miscellaneous.

ON DECORATING GRAVES WITH FLOWERS, WITH OBSERVATIONS ON PERE LA CHAISE.

The celebrated Cemetery of Pere La Chaise is altogether a thing of peculiar interest; the epitaphs to be seen there deserve peculiar attention. They are, indeed, "delicious little things;" they are exquisite in their kind, and breathe the most "affecting brevity" and "pathetic simplicity;" they are, in a word, just what, in the "modesty of nature" they ought to be. We, of all nations, are best able to appreciate such epitaphs; where the *dead* (by a *poetical* license, I suppose,) are in nine cases out of ten made to spout canting doggerel, which would absolutely put the mouth of a ballad-singer out of shape; or are made to belch out to every pious contemplator of the scene such profane, and even blasphemous attempts at wit, as would disgrace the very columns of a jest-book. A practice by which the dead are insulted, the living disgusted, and a disgrace to the hierarchy which permits it! The grave, the "sober house" of mortality, is not to be invaded by the "sound of shallow foppery;" as Juba says of honour, "It ought not to be sported with."

To give my readers an idea of the antiquity and history of decorating tombs with flowers, I cannot do better than quote the excellent "*Sylva Florifera*" of Mr. H. Phillips. In his first volume he says, "The triumvir Antony, when dying, begged of the captivating queen Cleopatra that she would scatter perfumes on his tomb, and cover it with roses."

"In Turkey, a rose is sculptured on the monument of all ladies that die unmarried; and in Poland they cover the coffins of children with roses, and when the funeral passes the streets, a multitude of these flowers are thrown from the windows. Camden tells us, 'There is a classical custom observed, time out of mind, at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting a rose-tree on the graves, especially of the young men and maidens, who have lost their lovers, so that this churchyard is full of them.'



It is the more remarkable, since it was anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans, who were so religious in it, that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills, [as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan,] by which they ordered roses to be annually strewed and planted on their graves. Hence the line of Propertius,

Et tenera poneret ossa rosa;  
"And lay his bones in soft roses."

And Anacreon, speaking of it, says, that it protects the dead:

"Preserves the cold, inurned clay,  
And marks the vestige of decay."

*Moore's Anacreon.*

"This ancient custom of decorating graves with flowers, the symbols of fleeting mortality, has almost passed from recollection in this country, and is rapidly disappearing in most parts of Wales; but we read in the 'Beauties of England,' that Thomas Steevens, a poor and aged man, who lies buried in the churchyard of the village of Stokenchurch, in Oxfordshire, left a request that his eldest son would annually dress his grave with flowers on the recurrence of [the wake] St. Peter's."

To these instances quoted by Mr. Phillips, I shall take the liberty of adding one other from my own personal knowledge. An annual donation is bequeathed to the poor of the parish of Barnes, in Surrey, on condition that the said parish plant and preserve a certain number of rose-trees by the grave of the donor; and in the event of their neglecting to do this, the donation to be forfeited. They were in bloom, however, when I was last at the church, and I dare say the inquisitive reader would find them there still. The consideration of the neglect of so elegant a custom in our own country then brings Mr. P. to the classical Pere la Chaise. "It seems now to be a study in this country (he well observes) to make our tombs monuments of oblivion, whilst in Paris they have renewed the ancient custom of planting flowers on the graves of their departed friends, particularly at the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise. It is impossible to visit this vast sanctuary of the dead, where the roses and the cypress encircle each tomb, or the arbor vitæ and eglantine shade the marble obelisk, without feeling a solemn, yet sweet and soothing emotion steal over the senses, as we wander over this variegated scene of hill and dale, columns and

temples, interspersed with luxuriant flowering shrubs and fragrant herbs, that seem to defy the most profane hand to pluck them. In these winding paths, where contemplation loves to dwell, we could not forbear reciting these lines of L'Abbe de la Chassange:—

"Ye roses, now fragrant and fair,  
Ah! how soon must ye wither and die!  
Yet, though little of life be your share,  
Ye may live, roses, longer than I.

"My soul is of horror a prey,  
Lest death unexpected invade;  
Ye are sure not to outlive a day,  
But I in a moment may fade."

"At this instant we found a funeral procession slowly winding toward us, amid the monumental stones and avenues of trees, to avoid which we ascended the height, where our attention was attracted by a grave covered with fresh moss, and thickly strewed with the most odorous white flowers, such as the orange blossom, jasmine, myrtle, and white rose. At each corner stood white porcelain vases, filled with similar flowers, all of pure white; the whole was covered with a fence of wire-work, and the monument was without a name, and had only this simple and pathetic inscription, 'Fille chérie, avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés! 5. Juin, 1819.'

"We were told that the afflicted parent still continued to indulge in the sad duty of replenishing the grave with fresh flowers, at the earliest opening of the gates of this melancholy garden of graves."

In his first volume, also, Mr. Phillips makes mention of Pere la Chaise while describing the cypress-tree. The ingenuity of the idea with which it concludes, will justify me, perhaps, with my readers, in quoting the whole passage. The cypress," he observes, "seems admirably adapted to ornament those lawns which surround villas or lodges built in the Grecian style, and, perhaps, we have no tree that accords so well with stone or stuccoed edifices as the cypress; and even the temples of marble lose half their effect if surrounded by other buildings, instead of being relieved by the foliage of trees. At the present time, the burial-hill of Pere la Chaise, near Paris, forms a most interesting picture, as the numerous and variously formed monuments rise above the young arbores vitæ and cypresses, like a city of marble emerging from a forest, and from which, a friend observes, we may form a faint picture of the beautiful ap-

pearance of Constantinople from the Bosphorus; the hills on which that city stands being intermixed with white buildings and green foliage, which forms a spectacle not equalled in any other part of Europe."

Such is the best information I can collect at this moment on the interesting custom which I have attempted to elucidate, and of the classic Pere la Chaise, to your account of which it may possibly form no unwelcome supplement. I say nothing of my own share in it, (which is the least,) but the extracts cannot but be read with pleasure, as the author has himself visited the scene he describes. You and I well know that there are indeed such things as "travelled fools" in the world; but after all, the relations of an eyewitness have certainly a right to be considered the best.

#### A REMARKABLE WILL.

*The last will and testament of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, A. D. 1650.*

The following singular document of the Earl of Pembroke, was drawn up and regularly attested the night before his execution at the Tower. It is a great curiosity.

I, Philip, late Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, now Knight for the county of Berks, being, (as I am told) very weak in body, but of perfect memory; for I remember this time five years I voted an address to be made to my master, and this time twelve months saw him brought to the block; yet because death doth threaten and stare upon me, who have still obeyed all those who threaten me, I now make my last will and testament.

*Imprimis.*—For my soul, I confess I have heard much of souls; but what are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not. They tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. Whilst the King stood I was of this religion: made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop. Then came the Scots and made me a Presbyterian; and since Cromwell entered, I have been an Independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can save my soul, I give it to him who gave it to me.

*Item.*—I give my body, for I cannot keep it,—therefore bury me. I have church lands enough; but do not leave me in the church porch—for I was a Lord, and who would not be buried where *Col. Pride* was born.

*Item.*—My will is, that I have no monument; for then I must have epitaphs and verses; but all my life long I have had too much of them. I have therefore too much respect for my memory to have even that flattered.

*Item.* I give my dogs, (the best curs that ever man laid leg over) to be divided among the Council of State, as their musical tones may sometimes put them in mind how necessary harmony is for the despatch of business. Many a fair day have I followed my dogs; and followed the State both night and day; went whither they sent me—sat where they bid me, sometimes with Lords, and sometimes with Commons; and now can neither go nor sit. Yet, whatever becomes of me, let my poor dogs want not their allowance, nor come within the ordinance of one meal a week.

*Item.*—I give two of my best saddle horses to the Earl of Denbigh, for fear, ere long, his two legs will fail him; but the tallest and strongest in all my stables, I give to the academy for a vaulting horse for all lovers of virtue. All my other horses I give to Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and the States take away his commission, his Lordship may still have some horse to command.

*Item.*—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he has already given a specimen that way, by denying the king a buck out of his parks.

*Item.*—I give nothing to the Lord Say; which legacy I give him because I know he will bestow it upon the poor.

*Item.*—To the Countesses, my wife's sisters, I now give leave to enjoy their estates. But my own estate I give my oldest son, charging him on my blessing to follow the advice of Michael Oldsworth; for though I have got 30,000*l.* per annum, I am not in debt above 80,000*l.*

*Item.*—My will is, Sir Henry Mildmay shall not meddle with any of my jewels. I knew him when he served the Duke of Buckingham; and since how he handled the crown jewels: for both of which reasons I now name him the *knave of diamonds*.

*Item.*—To Tom May, whose head I broke at a masque, I give him five shillings; I intended him more, but from all I have seen of his history of the parliament, I think that sum too much.

*Item.*—Because I threatened Sir Henry Mildmay, but did not beat him, I give 50*l.* to the footman who cudgelled him.

*Item.*—To the author of the libel against ladies, I give three pence; and since he throws what is false on divers names of unblemished honour, I leave him a further legacy, which will be paid him by the hands of the footman who paid off Sir Henry Mildmay's arrears. This I do to back him the difference between wit and dirt, and to know ladies that are noble from those that are not so.

*Item.*—I give back to the Assembly of Divines their *Classical, Provincial, National, Congregational* —, which words I have kept at my own charge seven years, but plainly find they will never come to good.

*Item.*—As I restore other men's words, so I give Lieut. Gen. Cromwell one word of mine; because hitherto he never kept his own.

*Item.*—To all rich citizens of London, to all Presbyterians as well as Cavaliers, I give advice to look to their throats; for the States, the garrison of Whitehall have all good poniards, and for new lights have bought dark lanterns.

*Item.*—To the Rev. Mr. — I leave 15*l.* per annum, chargeable on my estates. This I do to secure him from want, well knowing how subject a man of such strong parts and modesty is to that condition, that has no *lawn sleeves* connexions.

*Item.*—I give all my printed speeches to those persons following, viz. That speech which I made in my own defence when the seven Lords were accused of high treason, I give to sergeant Wild, that hereafter he may know what is treason and what is not. The modesty that attended me on my first speech, I bequeath to the speaker of the House of Commons, as a gift that he must stand in need of in that exalted situation. But my speech at my election (which is my speech without an oath) I give to those who take the engagement, because no oath has been able to hold them, all my other speeches of what colour soever, I give to the academy, to help Sir Balthazar's art of well speaking.

*Item.*—I give up the ghost.

#### THE BY-GONE LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

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